Extracts.

Remarkable Instance of Friendship.

Damon and Pythias, of the Pythagorean sect in philosophy, lived in the time of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two, for it is not known which, being condemned by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country to settle his affairs, on condition that the other should consent to be imprisoned in his stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution.

The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch, as every body was curious to see what would be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he who was gone did not appear; the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed. But he still declared that he had not the least shadow of doubt in his mind, of his friend's fidelity. The event showed how well he knew him. He came in due time, and surrendered himself to that fate, which he had no reason to think he should escape; and which he did not desire to escape, by leaving his friend to suffer in his place. Such fidelity softened even the savage heart of Dionysius himself. He pardoned the condemned; he gave the two friends to one another, and begged that they would take himself in for a third.

Dionysius and Damocles.

Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, showed how far he was from being happy, even whilst he abounded in riches, and all the pleasures which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complementing him upon his power, his treasures, and the magnificence of his royal state, and afferming that no monarch ever was greater or happier than he. "Have you a mind Damocles," says the king, "to taste this happiness and know by experience, what my enjoyments are, of which you have so high an idea?" Damocles gladly accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered that a royal banquet should be prepaired, and a gilded couch placed resort to conscription can play the modern military game except at a prodigious cost. This country would probably not stand conscription. It would, for the present at least, stand the taxation, since the "making-work" people are more apt to have the centre of the stage than those who realize the relation of federal expenditures to every-day costs.

At all events, the European war has forced an issue on us. Its handling by President and Congress will prove one of the interesting spectacles of the coming winter, and perhaps of the succeeding presidential campaign. Watch "preparedness" grow—as an issue.

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for him, covered with rich embroidery, and sideboards loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table, and to obey his commands with the greatest readiness, and the most profound submission. Neither ointments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himself amongst the gods. In the midst of all his happiness, he sees let down from the roof, exactly over his neck, as he lay indulging himself in state, a glittering sword, hung by a single hair. The sight of destruction, thus threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carved plate gave him no longer any pleasure. He dreads to streatch forth his hand to the table; he throws off the chaplet of roses; he hastens to remove from his dangerous situation; and, at last, begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer, such a dreadful kind of happiness.

The Psalm of Life,
What the heart of the Young man said to the Psalmist.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers.
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act,— act, in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time;—

Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait. — Longfellow.

"Why thus longing?"

Harriet Winslow.

Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing,
For the far-off, the unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;—

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And *truly loving*, thou canst *truly live*.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier, — all the world is thine!

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,

Not those fair fields, but thy-self thou lovest,
And their beauty and thy worth are gone.

Nature wears the colors of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

Earthly and Heavenly Interest.

Ben Adem had a golden coin one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew;
Year after year, awaiting him, it lay,
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,
And these two, four,- so on, till people said,
"How rich Ben Adem is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,
Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way—
Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave;
But when his soul reached Heaven, angels with pride
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

Locksley Hall

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.
'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.
Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:
When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.—

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the Robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest
In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.
And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.
And she turned — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.
Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.
O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all
songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish
tongue!
Is it well to wish thee happy?— having known
me— to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart
than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by
day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize
with clay
As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated
with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have
weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall
have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than
his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they
are glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his
hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his
brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch
him with thy lighter thought.
He will answer to the purpose, easy things
to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, though
I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from
the heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a
last embrace.
Cursed be the social wants that sin
against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us
from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from
honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened
forehead of the fool!
Well, — 't is well that I should bluster! — Hadst
thou less unworthy proved —
Would to God — for I had loved thee more
than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which
bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my
heart be at the root.
Never, though my mortal summers to such
length of years should come
As the many-wintered crow that leads the
clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of
the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as
I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished: sweetly did she
speak and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was
to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her
for the love she bore?
No—she never loved me truly: love is love
forevermore.
Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is
truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.

Printed

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest
thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead, unhappy night, and when the
rain is on the roof.
Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou
art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the
shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage-pillows. to the tears that thou wilt weep.
Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest again.
Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
T'is a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a
dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be
worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy
petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching
down a daughter's heart.
"They were dangerous guides the feelings—
she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffered"— Perish in
thy self-contempt!

Over live it— lower yet— be happy! wherefore
should I care?
I myself must mix with action lest I
wither by despair.
What is that which I should turn to,
lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but
to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets
overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I ~~shoul~~
should do?
I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's
ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vaper, and the
winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt
that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at
each other's heels.
Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that
earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, oh thou
wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt
before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the
tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the
coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his
father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near
and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring
like a dreary dawn;
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone
before him then
Underneath the light he looks at, in among
the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the
things that they shall do:
For I dipt into the future, far as human eye
could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of men, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed, ere my passion sweeping through me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint,
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point:
Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpous runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.
What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I
linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world
is more and more.
Knolwledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he
bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience moving toward the
stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding
on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a
target for their scorn:
Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on
such a mouldered string?
I am shamed through all my nature to
have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's
pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded
in a shallower brain:
O not quite so bad as that— are we?

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;
Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starred;
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.
Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer from the crag;
Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.
There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and
leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over
miserable books—
Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but
I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower
than the Christian child.

I. to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant
of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a
beast with lower pains!
Mated with a squalid savage—what
to me were sun and clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost
files of time—

I that rather held it better men should
perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze
like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
Mother-age, (for mine I know not,) help me as when life began:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun—

O, I see, the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.
Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin blackening
over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its
breast a thunderbolt.
Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain
or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring
seaward, and I go.

Tennyson

Beauty and Duty.

I slept — and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke — and found that life was duty.
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously;
And thou shalt find thy dream shall be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

Ellen Hooper

Paraphrased

I slept — and dreamed that life was duty
I woke — and found that life was beauty

Maud Muller.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from every tree.
But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed

Through the meadow, across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ancles bare and brown;
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.
My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues.

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a bright picture, come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

"And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover brooms.
And the proud man sighed with a secret pain
"Oh. that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meddow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney-lug
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love and law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only "it might have been."
Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

[Whittier.

Speak Gently.

Speak gently,— it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently,— let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
Speak gently to the young,— for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'T is full of anxious. care.
Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.
Speak gently to the erring ones,—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again!
Speak gently,— 't is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Absalom

N. P. Willis

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!
King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light winds
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.

They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full — when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery — how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom —
For his estranged, misguided Absalom —
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him — for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds

Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet: his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him: and the jewelled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
*And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth, from his brow, and laying back

---

*In a low tone, to his few followers,

The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke fourth
In the resistless eloquence of wo:—

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet "*my father*" from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung:—

But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:—
And thy dark sin!— Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this wo its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as a strength were given him of God.

He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

The Madonna Del Sisto.

Look down into my heart,
Thou holy Mother, with thy holy Son!
Read all my thoughts, and bid the doubts depart,
And all the fears be done.

I lay my spirit bare,
O blessed ones! beneath your wondrous eyes,
And not in vain; ye hear my heartfelt prayer,
And your twin-gaze replies.

What says it? All that life
Demands of those who live to be and do;
Calmness, in all its bitterest, deepest strife,
Courage, till all is through.

Thou Mother! in thy sight
Can aught of passion or despair remain?
Beneath those eyes' serene and holy light
The soul is bright again.

Thou Sun! whose earnest gaze
Looks ever forward, fearless, steady, strong;
Beneath those eyes no doubt or weakness stays,
Nor fear can linger long.

Thanks that to my weak heart
Your mingled powers, fair forms, such counsel give.
Till I have learned the lesson ye impart,
I have not learned to live.

And, O, till life is done
Of your deep gaze may ne'er the impression cease!
Still may the dark eyes whisper, — Courage! on!
The blue eyes murmur, — Peace!

T. W. Higginson.

"Friend after friend departs;
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest."

Montgomery

March.—Bryant.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies.
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs, from frost set free,

That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat
But, in thy sternest frown, abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bright the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

Friendship

Celestial Happiness! whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess fin
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven, — the bosom of a friend;
Where hearts meets heart, reciprocally soft
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope
Love and love alone, is the loan for love.

Edward Young

The Little Graves.

'Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry,
And rustled on the ground,
And chilly winds went whistling by,
With low and pensive sound.

As through the grave-yard's lone retreat,
By meditation led,
I walked, with slow and cautious feet,
Above the sleeping dead.—

Three little graves, ranged side by side,
My close attention drew;
O'er two, the tall grass, bending, sighed,
And one seemed fresh and new.

As, lingering there, I mused awhile
On death's long, dreamless sleep.
And opening life's deceitful smile,
A mourner came to weep.

Her form was bowed, but not with years,
Her words were faint and few,
And on those little graves her tears
Distilled like evening dew.

A prattling boy, some four years old,
Her trembling hand embraced,
And from my heart the tale he told
Will never be effaced.

"Mamma, now you must love me more,
For little sister's dead;
And t'other sister died before,
And brother too, you said.

"Mamma, what made sweet sister die?
She loved me when we played.
You told me, if I would not cry,
You'd show me where she's laid."

"'Tis here, my child, that sister lies,
Deep buried in the ground:
No light comes to her little eyes,

And she can hear no sound."

"Mamma, why can't we take her up,
And put her in my bed?
I'll feed her from my little cup,
And then she won't be dead.

"For sister'll be afraid to lie
In this dark grave to-night,
And she'll be very cold, and cry,
Because there is no light."

"No, sister is not cold, my child;
For God, who saw her die,
As he looked down from heaven and smiled,
Recalled her to the sky.

"And then her spirit quickly fled
To God, by whom 'twas given;
Her body in the ground is dead,
But sister lives in heaven."

"Mamma, won't she be hungry there,
And want some bread to eat?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
And keep them clean and neat?

"Păpá must go and carry some;
I'll send her all I've got;
And he must bring sweet sister home,
Mamma, now must he not?"

"No, my dear child, that cannot be;
But, if you're good and true,
You'll one day go to her, but she
Can never come to you.

"'*Let little children come to me*,'
Once our good Saviour said,
And in his arms she'll always be,
And God will give her bread."

The Death of the Flowers.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown, and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin, and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain,
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower, and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the
summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls
the plague on man,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such
days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all
the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill.
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours;
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

W. C. Bryant

Thanatopsis.

W. C. Bryant

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice— Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist

Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
[2]To be a brother to the insensible rock
[1]To mix for ever with the elements,
[3]And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings.
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good.
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. — The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste. —
Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning — and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregan, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet — the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest — and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living — and no friend
Take note of thy Departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,

The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

"Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast."

From the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."
Coleridge.

From "Childe Harold."

There was a sound of revelry by night,-
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright-
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?- No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet-
But, hark!- that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is- it is- the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,

And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sigh
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come!
they come!"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,

The morn the marshalling in arms,— the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,— friend, foe— in one red burial blent!

The Seven Wonders

The seven wonders of the world were, in ancient times reckoned to be the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Mausoleum, the Colossus at Rhodes, and the Pharos of Alexander. This cycle of seven wonders originated among the Greeks after the time of Alexander the Great and they were described in a special work of Philo of Byzantium, which has been edited by Orelli

Ivan the Czar.

Mrs. Hemans.

[Ivan, the Czar of Russia, surnamed the Terrible, in his old age was besieging the city of Novgorod, in 1582. His nobles, perceiving that his powers were impaired by age, requested that the assault might be made under the command of his son. This proposal threw him into the greatest fury; and nothing could soothe him. His son threw himself at his feet; but his savage father repulsed him, and struck him so cruel a blow that the unhappy youth died from the effects of it in two days after. The father then sank into the deepest despair. He abandoned alike the conduct of the war and the government of the empire, and soon followed his son to the tomb.]

He sat in silence on the ground,
The old and haughty Czar;
Lonely, though princes girt him round,
And leaders of the war:
He had cast his jewelled sabre,
That many a field had won.

To the earth beside his youthful dead,
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of carmine for its bed
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shad,
Through the tent made way;
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely watched,
In the dust with his renown.

Low tones, at last, of woe and fear
From his full bosom broke;—
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke.
The voice that through the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
Burdened with agony.

"There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath;
I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
They tell me this is death!
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done—
For the honor of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son!

"Well might I know death's hue and mien;
But on thine aspect, boy,
What, till this moment, have I seen,
Save pride and tameless joy?
Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall?

"I will not bear that still, cold look;
Rise up, thou fierce and free;
Wake as the storm wakes. I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee.

"Lift brightly up and proudly
Once more thy kindling eyes!
Hath my word lost its power on earth?
I say to thee, Arise!

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well?
Thou didst not, and art gone
In bitterness of soul to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit,
If but for one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart
That seemed to thee so stern.

"Thou wert the first, the first fair child,
That in mine arms I pressed;
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled
Like summer on my breast.
I reared thee as an eagle;
To the chase thy steps I led;
I bore thee on my battle horse;
I look upon thee – dead!

"Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave;
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs, in my first-born's grave.
And leave me! I have conquered,
I have slain; my work is done.
Whom have I slain? Ye answer not;
Thou too art mute, my son."

And thus his wild lament was poured
Through the dark, resounding night;
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.
He heard strange voices moaning in
In every wind that sighed;
From the searching stars of heaven he shrank;
Humbly the conqueror died.

The Inquiry.

Tell me, ye wingèd winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered – "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs –
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer – "No."

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe;
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded – "No."

Tell me, my secret soul, O tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—
"Yes, in Heaven!"

In the Valley of Cauteretz

Tennyson

All along the valley, stream that flashest white
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the nigh
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley while I walk'd to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley down thy rocky bed
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dea
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and t
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

One By One.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to catch them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee.
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,—
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow;
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Hours are golden links — God's token
Reaching heaven; but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

On the Death of a Friend.

Fitzgreene Halleck.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth is proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine,

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

Nina Di Raselli.

Bulwer

At once vain, yet high-minded, — resolute, yet impassioned, — there was a gorgeous magnificence in her very vanity and splendor, and ideality in her waywardness: her defects made a part of her brilliancy; without them she would have seemed less woman, and, knowing her, you would have compared all women by her standard. Softer qualities beside her seemed not more charming, but more insipid. She had no vulgar ambition, for she had obstinately refused many alliances which the daughter of Raselli could scarcely have hoped to form. The untutored minds and savage power of the Roman nobles seemed to her imagination, which was full of the *poetry* of rank (its luxury and its graces), as something barbarous and revolting, at once to be dreaded and despised. She had therefore passed her twentieth year unmarried, but not, perhaps, without love. She required some being round whom all her vainer qualities could rally; she felt that where she loved she must adore; she demanded no common idol before which to humble so strong and imperious a mind. Unlike women of a gentler mould, who desire for a short period to exercise the caprices of sweet empire, when she loved she must cease to command, and pride, at once, be humbled to devotion. So rare were the qualities that could attract her, so imperiously did her haughtiness require that those qualities should be above her own, yet of the same order, that her love elevated its object like a god. Accustomed to despise, she felt all the luxury it is to venerate! And if it were her lot to be united to one thus loved, her nature was that which might become elevated by that it gazed on.

For her beauty, reader, shouldst thou ever go to Rome, thou wilt see in the capital the picture of the Cumæan Sibyl, which, often copied, no copy can even faintly represent; why this is so called I know not, save that it has something strange and unearthly in the dark beauty of the eyes. I beseech thee, mistake not this sibyl for another, for the Roman galleries abound in sibyls. The sibyl I speak of is dark, and the face has an Eastern cast; the robe and turban, gorgeous though they be, grow dim before the rich but transparent roses of the cheek; the hair would be black save for that golden glow which mellows it to a hue and lustre never seen but in the South, and even in the South most rare the features, not Grecian, are yet faultless: the mouth, the brow, the ripe and exquisite contour, all are human and voluptuous; the expression, the aspect, is something more: the form is perhaps, too full for the ideal of loveliness, for the proportions of sculpture, for the delicacy of Athenian models; but the luxuriant fault has a majesty. Gaze long upon that picture: it charms, yet commands the eye. While you gaze, you call back five centuries. You see before you the breathing image of Nina di Raselli.

Paper first made from rags, 1417. Muskets invented and first used in England 1421. Pumps invented 1425. Printing invented by Faust 1441. Engraving on wood 1460. Post Offices established in England 1464. Almanacs first published 1470. Printing introduced into England by Caxton, 1474. Violins invented, 1477. Maps and Charts first brought to England 1489. In 1489 Diamonds were first cut and polished. Fortifications built in the present style 1500. Sugar refining first practised by the Venetians 1503. Roses first planted in England 1505. Watches first made at Nuremburg 1504. Soap first made at London & Bristol 1504. Punctuation first used in literature 1520

The Bridge of Sighs.

Hood.

One more Unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing.
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.
Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her—

All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb
Her fair auburn tresses;
While wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full
Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence:
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

When the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world—
In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth, and compose them;

And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity,

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast.

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

God
Translated from the Russian
Of Derzhavin by
Sir John Bowring

O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide:
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existance with Thyself alone:
Embracing all, — supporting — ruling o'er, —
Being whom we call God — and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep — may count
The sands or the sun's rays — but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure: none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high

Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existance;— Lord! on thee
Eternity had its foundation:— all
Sprung forth from thee:— of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin:— all life, all beauty thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee:
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand

Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! O, what am I then? Nought!

Nought! yet the effluence of thy light divine.
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Nought! yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to thee;
Control my spirit, guid my wandering heart:
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit — Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence, came I here? and how so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod

Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! thy wisdom and thy word
Created me! thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source — to thee — its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breasts,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good!
Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Bernardo Del Carpio.

King Alfonzo, of Spain, according to the old chronicle, had offered Bernardo del Carpio immediate possession of the person of his father, the king's prisoner, in exchange for the castle of Carpio, held by Bernardo. The latter gave up the stronghold; whereupon the mocking king caused the father to be put to death, and his corpse placed on horseback, in which state it was led out to the son, the trusting Bernardo. In Mrs. Hemans's ballad, Bernardo is represented as letting the false king go free. In Lockhart's ballad, which is far the superior in spirit, Bernardo lets the king hear from him again. By a combination of parts of the two ballads (placing that by Mrs. Hemans first), with slight alterations, we get a clear story; though chroniclers leave is us in the dark as to Bernardo's history after the murder of his father.

The warrior bowed his crested head,
And tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free
His long-imprisoned sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys,
I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—
O! break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,
A ransomed man, this day!
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I
Will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son,
And bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest,
The charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed,
There came a glittering band,
With one that 'mid them stately rode,
As a leader in the land:—

Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there,
In very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart
Hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved,
His cheek's hue came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side,
And there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent,
His father's hand he took:—
What was there in its touch that all
His fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold,— a frozen thing,—
It dropped from his like lead!
He looked up to the face above,—
The face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—
The brow was fixed and white!
He met, at last, his father's eyes,—
But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed;
But who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts that saw
Its horror and amaze:
They might have chained him, as before
That stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm,
And from his lip the blood.

Then, starting suddenly, he rushed
And seized the monarch's rein,
Amid the pale and wildered looks
Of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp,
The rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—
The king before the dead!

Came I not forth upon thy pledge,
My father's hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king!
And tell me what is this!

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,—
Give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul,
Send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light;—
Be still! keep down thine ire,—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—
This earth is not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed;—
Thou canst not— and a king?—
His dust be mountains on thy head!"

Upon his horse Bernardo sprang,
Defiance in his look;
Then at the pale and trembling king
A warning finger shook.
And ere, of all that armed train,
Vassal or chief dared stir,—
"I shall return!" Bernardo cried—
And gave his steed the spur.

With some good ten of his chosen men,
Bernardo hath appeared,
Before them all, in the palace hall,
The lying king to beard;
With cap in hand and eye on ground,
He came in reverend guise;
But ever and anon he frowned,
And flame broke from his eyes.

"And dar'st thou, caitiff," cries the king,
Thus come unbid to me?
But what from traitor's blood should spring,
Save traitor like to thee?
His sire, lord, had a traitor's heart,—
Perchance our champion brave
May think it were a pious part
To share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale the king,
Will he the tale repeat?"
Cries Bernardo "here my gage I fling
Before the liar's feet.

No treason was in Sancho's blood,—
No stain in mine doth lie:
Below the throne, what Knight will own
The coward calumny?

"Your horse was down,—your hope was flown,—
I saw the falchion shine,
That soon had drunk your royal blood,
Had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done
Deserteth the in-grate;
You've thanked the son for life and crown
By the father's bloody fate.

"You swore upon your kingly faith
To sabe Don Sancho free;
But (out upon your faltering breath!)
The light he ne'er did see:
He died in dungeon cold and dim,
By Alfonzo's base decree;
And visage blind, and mangled ~~th~~ limb,
Were all you gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word
Hath stained his purple black,—
No Spanish lord will draw the sword
Behind a liar's back;
But noble vengeance shall be mine,—
An open hate I'll show;—
The king hath injured Carpio's line,
And Burnard is his foe!"

"Seize—seize him!" loud the king doth scream;
"There are a thousand here;
Let his foul blood this instant stream;—
What! caitiffs, do ye fear?
Seize—seize the traitor!" But not one
To move a finger dareth:
Bernardo standeth by the throne,
And calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath,
And held it up on high;
And all the hall was still as death:—
Cries Bernard, "Here am I;

And here's the sword that owns no lord,
Excepting Heaven and me:
Fain would I know who dares its point:—
King, condé or grandee."

Then to his mouth his horn he drew;
(It hung below his cloak;)
His ten true men the signal knew,
And through the ring they broke.
With helm on head, and blade in hand,
The knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand,
And the false king to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alfonzo,
"What means this warlike guise?
Ye know full well I jested;—
Ye know your worth I prize!"
But Bernard turned upon his heel,
And, smiling, passed away:—
Long rued Alfonzo and Castile
The *jesting* of that day!

The Vulture of the Alps.

I've been among the mighty Alps, and wandered through their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard of more.

And there I from a shepherd heard a narrative of fear,
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear:
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous;
But, wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus:—

"It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells;
But, patient, watching hour on hour upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

"One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,

When, from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry.
As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief and pain,
A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne'er may hear again.

"I hurried out to learn the cause; but, overwhelmed with fright:
The children never ceased to shriek, and from my frenzied
sight
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care;
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing through
the air.

"Oh! what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye,—
His infant made a vulture's prey, with terror to descry;
And know, with agonizing breast, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail, that innocent to save!

"My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly, to get free;
At intervals, I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked and screamed!
Until, upon the azure sky, a lessening spot he seemed.

"The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily
he flew;

A mote upon the sun's broad face he seemed unto my view;
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight,—
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.

"All search was vain, and years had passed;- that child was ne'er forgot-
When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,
From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reached,
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleached!

"I clambered up that rugged cliff,—I could not stay away,—
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to decay;
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a shred;
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon the head.

"That dreary spot is pointed out to travellers passing by,
Who often stand, and, musing, gaze, nor go without a sigh."
And as I journeyed, the next morn, along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.

Once I was Pure.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below!
Over the house-tops, over the street.
Over the heads of the people you meet.

Dancing, flitting, skimming along;
Beautiful snow, it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heaven above
Pure as an angel, as gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go.
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one!
Chasing, laughing, hurrying by,
It lights up the face, and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around,

The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing, swinging, dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow—
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
And trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
Trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth of the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell!
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street,
Fell to be scofed, to be spit on, and beat;
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living, and fearing the dead;

Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
Yet I was once like the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With eye like its crystal, heart like its glow
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face
Father, Mother, Sisters all,
God and myself, I have lost by my fall!
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Takes a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or above me, I know
There's nothing so pure as the beautiful snow!

How strange it should be that beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner, with nowhere to go!
Strange it should be, when night comes, again
If snow and ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting, freezing dying alone.
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of snow coming down,

To die, and to die in my terrible woe
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Allan Percy.

A Song

There was a beauteous lady richly dress'd;
Around her neck were chains of jewels rare,—
A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,
And a young child is softly slumbering there
In her own arms, beneath the glowing sun,
She bears him onward to the greenwood tree—
"Is the dun heath, thou fair and faultless one,
Where an Earl's son should ever cradled be?

Tho' a proud Earl be father to my child,
Yet on the sward, my blessed babe shall lie;
Let the winds lull him with their murmurs wild,
And toss their branches upward to the sky;
Well knows that Earl how long my spirit pin'd;
I loved a forester, gay, bold and free,
And had I wedded as my heart inclin'd,
My babe had cradled 'neath the greenwood tree.

Slumber thou still mine innocent, mine own;
While I call back the joys of other days,
In this deep forest I feel I'm less alone,
Than where yon palace splendors mock my gaze,
Fear not! my arms shall bear thee safely back,
I need no Squire nor Page on bended knee
To bear my baby thro' the wild wood track,
Where Allen Percy, used to roam with me.

Here I can sit, and while the wild wind blows,
Waving the ringlets of thy shining hair,
Giving thy cheek a deeper tint of rose,
I can dream dreams that comfort my despair;
I can make visions of a different home,
Such as in other days we hoped might be;
There no proud Earl's unwelcome footsteps come
There, Allan Percy, I might dwell with thee.

Thou art mine own – I'll bear thee where I list,
Far from the dull proud tower, and dungeon keep;
From my long hair, the pearl-chains I'll untwist;
And with a peasant's heart, sit down and weep.

Thy bright embroidered robe, my precious one,
Chang'd for a simpler covering shall be,
And I will dream thee, Allan Percy's son,
And think poor Allan, guards thy sleep with me.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

A Song

Oft in the stilly night
When slumber's chain hath bound thee,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me
The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken
The eyes that shone now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken,
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain had bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed.
Thus in the stilly night,
When slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

From The Light of the Harame

'T was not the air, 't was not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such pow'r
As Music knew not till that hour.

Moore

E.A.W. Class Day Friday June 19th 1868

The Day is Done

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not for the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavors;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,

And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
Longfellow

From The Light of the Harem.

Fly to the desert, fly with me
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice that heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,

Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flow'ring in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silv'ry-footed antelope
As gracefully and gayly springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come — thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart, —
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy ev'ry glance and tone
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years.

Then fly with me,— if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me,
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 't is by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then, fare thee well — I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake

When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, oh Sea!.
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand.
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, oh Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Tennyson

The Lord of Burleigh.

In her ear he whispers gayly,
"If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter,
"There is non I love like thee."
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave ther father's roof.
"I can make no marriage present,
* 3 And I love thee more than life."
1 Little can I give my wife.
2 Love will make our cottage pleasant,
They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand:
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmer in the land.

* Misplaced read in order of numbers.

From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer:
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,

And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before;
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footsteps firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine."
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin:
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove:

But he clasped her like a lover,
  And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
  Though at times her spirit sank:
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
  To all duties of her rank:
And a gentle consort made he,
  And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
  And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
  And perplexed her, night and morn,
With the burthen of an honor
  Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
  As she murmured, "O, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter,
  Which did win my heart from me!"
So she drooped and drooped before him,
  Fading slowly from his side:
Three fair children first she bore him,
  Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he looked at her and said,
"Bring the dress, and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

Tennyson

April 10th 1870.

"No human voice may cheer thee,
No earthly listener hear thee;
But, oh, one Friend is near thee,
The kindest and the best;
Whose smile can banish sadness
Whose presence fills with gladness
The solitary brest."

Lady Clare.

Lord Ronald courted Lady Clare,
I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lord Ronald, her cousin, courted her,
And they will wed the morrow morn.

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

hand, if one does not, and gets all broken down, prostrated with chronic disease, that will require a lot of faith to cure, will it not? —News and Critic.

There is no difference of opinion respecting the part President Roosevelt took in bringing peace between Russia and Japan. He is receiving every day the highest encomiums from all over the world. This is no mere venting of an adulation not felt, but these attestations of respect all bear the earmarks of sincerity. Even Watterson of the Louisville Courier Journal, who is not noted for distributing bouquets of this kind, is thoroughly convinced that the President is a great man. Watterson but voices the universal opinion.—Dover Democrat.

President Roosevelt accompanied the inventor of a submarine boat to the bottom of Long Island sound and returned safely to land. The president may have shown good judgment, but many a man has found Davy Jones' locker in a submarine boat and the country doesn't want to spare "Teddy" just at this time.—Littleton Journal.

The baseball season is nearly over and has, for the most part, already lost its interest. The football season, however, ap-

It Quiets the Cough

This is one reason why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so valuable in consumption. It stops the wear and tear of useless coughing. But it does more —it controls the inflammation, quiets the fever, soothes, and heals. Sold for 60 years.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been a regular life preserver to me. It brought me through a severe attack of pneumonia, and I feel that I owe my life to its wonderful curative properties."—WILLIAM H. TRUITT, Wawa, Pa.

ing [illegible] es," giving day, date, and shipping point, handed it to the applicant with the advisory information, "when you get to Norwich give your checks to Swazey," which staggered him somewhat, for what connection had the N. Y. N. H. and H. road with a person named Swazey about a thousand miles away? He read the list of various roads and junctions, there appearing at the bottom in his mental vision, "Give your checks to Swazey." Having a few moments to spare, he stood around, listening as other purchasers of tickets came up, but no other passenger had received a similar open sesame to the place of destination. The cry of "all aboard" placed him en route, and each conductor upon his rounds was eyed carefully to see if any one else was in touch with this Swazey; but the trip passed with no mention, only the car wheels with each revolution and reverberation kept clicking out, "Give your checks to Swazey," and the toot of the engine at each crossing seemed to echo back those fitful words. At length Norwich was reached, and as the embryotic doctor stepped from the car he was saluted with "checks, please," then he asked the man if his name was Swazey, and in fact there stood before him the inimitable Swazey, to whom he had received a wireless introduction. Swazey was indeed not a myth, but a man of flesh and blood, though his corporosity looked as if he had fed upon all the anti-fat creations of the day. The mystery grew more insoluble, and, as he stood viewing this far away endorsement of the Grand Central depot he was aroused with "get in if you're 'goin' to ride with me." The dictatorial command increased his wonder, and as he rode up he was between the conclusion to admire him or fear him. The solution of the whole affair came out when it was explained that that the ticket agent was none other than Fred C. Heilge, a native of Hanover, and graduate of the Chandler department in 1887, who was accustomed in his sober, realistic way to play these pranks upon strangers with whom he came in contact.

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due"

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.

Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down
With a single rose in her hair.

A lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay.
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed.

Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:
He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

Tennyson

Lost Treasures.

Let us be patient; God has taken from us
The earthly treasures upon which we leaned,
That from the fleeting things which lie around us,
Our clinging hearts should be forever weaned.

They have passed from us — all our broad possessions:
Ships, whose white sails flung wide past distant shores;
Lands, whose rich harvest smiled in the glad sunshine;
Silver and gold, and all our hoarded stores.

And, dearer far, the pleasant home where gathered
Our loved and loving round the blazing hearth;
Where honored age on the soft cushions rested,
And childhood played about in frolic mirth:

Where underneath the softened light bent kindly
The mother's tender glance on daughters fair;
And he on whom all leant with fond confiding,
Rested contented from his daily care.

All shipwrecked in one common desolation!
The garden walks by other feet are trod;
The clinging vines by other fingers tutored
To fling their shadows o'er the grassy sod.

While carking care and deep humiliation,
Our tears are mingled with their daily bread;
And the rude blasts we never thought could reach us,
Have spent their worst on each defenceless head.

Let us be cheerful! The same sky o'erarches—
Soft rain falls on the evil and the good;
On narrow walls, and through our humbler dwelling,
God's glorious sunshine pours as rich a flood.

Faith, hope and love still in our hearts abiding,
May bear their precious fruits in us the same;
And to the couch of suffering we may carry,
If but the cup of water, in His name.

Let us be thankful, if in this affliction
No grave is opened for the loving heart;

And while we bend beneath our Father's chiding,
We yet can mourn "each family apart."

Shoulder to shoulder let us breast the torrent,
With not one scold reproach nor angry look;
There are some seasons, when the heart is smitten
It can no whisper of unkindness brook.

Our life is not in all these brief possessions;
Our home is not in any pleasant spot;
Pilgrims and strangers we must journey onward
Contented with the portion of our lot.

These earthly walls must shortly be dismantled;
These earthly tents be struck by angel hands;
But to be built up on a sure foundation,
There, where our Father's mansion ever stands!

There shall we meet, parent and child, and dearer
That earthly love which makes half heaven of home;
There shall we find our treasures all awaiting,
There change and death and parting never come.

Could'st thou not watch one hour?

Thy night is dark—behold the shade was deeper
In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper,
—Could'st thou not watch one hour alone with me?

O, thou so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
To count all ~~earthly~~ earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou always suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare never cease:
The gaining of the quiet habitation,
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone;
Watch thou in patience through this hour only,
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,
And peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
But thou, O Christian must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,
With Him who trod the wine press all alone,
hou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,
One human soul, to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images forever thronging
From out the foregone life thou livest no more,
Faint-hearted mariner, still art thou longing
For the dim line of the receding shore.

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God?

Faithful and steadfast in their consecration,
Living by that high faith to thee so dim,

Declaring before God their dedication,
So far from thee, because so near to him.

Can'st thou forget thy Christian superscription—
"Behold we count them happy which endure?"
What treasure wouldst thou in the land Egyptian,
Repass the stormy water to secure?

And wilt thou yield thy sure and glorious promis
For the poor fleeting joys earth can afford?
No hand can take away the treasure from us
That rests within the keeping of the Lord.

Poor wandering soul—I know that thou art seeking
Some easier way, as all have sought before
To silence the reproachful inward speaking—
Some landward path unto an island shore!

The cross is heavy in thy human measure,
The way too narrow for thine inward pride,
Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

O, that thy faithless soul, one hour only
Would comprehend the Christian's perfect life,
Despised with Jesus, sorrowful and lonely,
Yet calmly looking upward in its strife.

For poverty and selfrenunciation,
Their Father yieldeth back a thousand fold;
In the calm stillness of regeneration,
Cometh a joy they never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can only find its peace,
Seeking no aid from any human creature;
Looking to God alone for his release.

And he will come in his own time and power,
To set his earnest-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

The Mother and her Child.

From Herder.

Among gree pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was sat a marble image
Of the Virgin and her child;
There oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.
Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him;
"And now from highest heavens
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spoke that tender mother;
And on an evening bright,
When the red, round sun descended

Amid clouds of crimson light;
Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,—
"Oh, beautiful Child Jesus,
Come down and play with me!
I will find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown,
I will cull thee red, ripe strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down;
Oh holy, holy mother!
Put him from off thy knee,
For in these silent meadows
There is none to play with me!"

Thus spoke that boy so lovely,
The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer, she pondered,
But spoke to him no words.
That very night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy,
She thought she saw young Jesus
There playing with her boy.—

And from the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given
An hundred-fold to thee;
For in the fields of heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright flowers celestial
Thou shalt have, dear child, thy fill".

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child Jesus spoke,
And full of anxious musings
The careful mother woke.
And thus is was accomplished:—
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy so gentle
Upon his death bed lay;
And thus he spoke in dying,—
"Oh mother, dear! I see
The beautiful child Jesus
Descending unto me;—
And in his hand he beareth

Bright flowers, white as snow,
  And red and dewy strawberries,
Dear mother! let me go!"
  He died, but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain,
  For she knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again.

The Seven Wonders of the World Were, in ancient times, reckoned to be the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Mausoleum, the Colossus at Rhodes, and the Pharos of Alexander. This cycle of seven wonders originated among the Greeks after the time of Alexander the Great, and they were described in a special work of Philo of Byzantium

The Close of the Year.

Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world! Hark! on the wind
The bell's deep tones are swelling: 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past: yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirr'd;
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the Seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks, all breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever. 'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep
Still Chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,

Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has pass'd to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadows in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the the hall of revelry, where throng'd
The bright and joyous — and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where ers't the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle plain where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day — and the strength

Of armied hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded, like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams. Remorseless Time —
Fierce spirit of the Glass and Scythe — what power
Can stay him in his silent course or melt
His iron heart to pity! On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The conder of the Andes, that can soar
Through Heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag — but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er Earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of Dreaming Sorrow — Cities rise and sink

Like bubbles on the water - Fiery isles Spring blazing
from the Ocean, and go back To
To their mysterious caverns - Mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs and bow
Their tall heads to the plain - New Empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanches
Startling the nations - And the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their Eternal depth,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of the train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void - Yet time,
Time the Tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern; all-pitiless, and pauses not,
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

G. D. Prentice

Quotations

Macbeth. — "When shall we three meet again".
"The milk of human kindness."
"If it were done, when t'is done, then t'were
well it were done quickly."
"Golden opinions from all sorts of people".
"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none".
"Screw your courage to the sticking-place".
"Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave of care".
"We have scotched the snake, not killed it."
"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well".
"— with most admired disorder."
Can such things be, and over come us like a
summer's cloud, without our special wonder?"
"My way of life is fallen into the sear, the yellow
leaf;" — "Canst thou not minister to a mind
diseased"? "I bear a charmed life."
"the last syllable of recorded time"
"That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."
"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once!"

Quotations.

"Knowledge is power."— Bacon.—English author.
"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."—Keats—Endymion—English
"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."—Bacon.—
"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."—Bacon.—
"To make a virtue of necessity."—Shakespeare.—Two Gentlemen of Verona.—
"I am sure care's an enemy to life." " —Twelfth Night.—
"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." " — " —
"Love sought is good, but given unsought is better."—"
"Sits the wind in that corner"?—Much Ado About Nothing
"Every one can master a grief, but he that has it."—"—"—
"Comparisons are odorous."— " — " —
"O that he were here to write me down—an ass." " "
"All that glisters is not gold."—Merchant of Venice
"What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice"?"
"Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear". from All's Well that Ends well.
"I'll make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate"—from Macbeth.—

The Seven Wise Men of Greece

Their names were, Pittacus of Mitylene, Bias of Priene, Solon of Athens, Chilon of Lacedaemon, Cleobulus of Lyndus, Periander of Corinth, and Thales of Miletus.

Pittacus was born about 650 B.C. The following are a few of his maxims

The possession of power discovers a man's true character.

Whatever you do, do it well.

Do not that to your neighbor which you would take ill from him. — Know your opportunity.

Never disclose your schemes, lest their failure expose you to ridicule as well as to disappointment.

Bias, the time of his birth is uncertain. Among his maxims were:— Endeavor to gain the good-will of all men. Speak of the gods with reverence. — Esteem a worthy friend as your greatest blessing. — Yield rather to persuasion than to compulsion. — The most miserable man is he who cannot endure misery. — Form your plans with deliberation, but execute them with vigor. Do not praise an unworthy man for the sake of his wealth.

It is better to decide a difference between your enemies than your friends; for, in the former case, you will certainly gain a friend, and in the latter lose one.

The following are some of the precepts of Solon.—
Reverence God, and honor your parents.— Mingle not with the wicked.— Trust to virtue and probity rather than to oaths.— Counsel your friend in private, but never reprove him in public. Do not consider the present pleasure, but the ultimate good. Do not select friends hastily; but when once chosen, be slow to reject them.— Believe yourself fit to command when you have learned to obey.— Honors worthily gained far exceed those which are accidental.—

Chilon was born about 630 B.C. The following are his.
The three most difficult things are, to keep a secret, to employ time properly, and to bear an injury.— Never speak evil of the dead.— Reverence old age.— Govern your anger.— Be not over-hasty.— The tongue ought to be always carefully restrained, but especially at the festive board.— Seek not impossibilities.— Let your friendship be more conspicuous in adversity than in prosperity.—

Prefer loss to ill-gotten wealth; the former is a trouble only once endured, but the latter will constantly oppress you.—

Cleobulus was born about 634 B.C. he composed many maxims we give a few such as,—
"Before you quit your house, consider what you have to do; and when you return, reflect whether it has been done."
"Be more attentive than talkative."
"Educate your children."
"Detest ingratitude"
"Endeavor always to employ your thoughts on something worthy."

Periander was born in the year 665 B.C. his maxims are as follows.— "In prosperity," said he, "be moderate; in adversity, be prudent."
"Pleasure is fleeting; honor is immortal."
"Prudence can accomplish all things."
"The intention of crime is as sinful as the act."
"Perform whatever you have promised."

Thales, who is generally regarded as the greatest of the Seven Sages was born about the year 640 B.C. some of his maxims are

"The same measure of gratitude which we show to our parents, we may expect from our children."

"It is better to adorn the mind than the face."

"It is not the length of a man's tongue that is the measure of his wisdom."

"Never do that yourself which you blame in others."

"The most happy man is he who is sound in health, moderate in fortune, and cultivated in understanding."

"The most difficult thing is to know one's self: the easiest, to give advice to others."

"The greatest of all things is space, for it comprehends all things; the most rapid is the mind, for it travels through the universe in a single instant; the most powerful is necessity, for it conquers all things; the most wise is time, for it discovers all things."

"The most ansient of all beings is God, for he has neither beginning nor end."

All things are full of God, and the world is supreme in beauty; because it is his workmans

The Burial of Moses.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

Deut. XXXIV. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the day light
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun, —

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wonderous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follows the funeral car.

They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won;
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed.
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave;

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Bethpeor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

Resignation

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes selestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapers;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but dim funereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seams so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead — the child of our affection —
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives — whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,

Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest,

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Longfellow.

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Rock of Ages, clift for me;
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know.
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone,
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

The Dying Hebrew's Prayer.

William Herbert

A Hebrew knelt, in the dying light,—
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and old!
He lifted his look to his latest sun,
For he knew that his pilgrimage was done.—
And as he saw God's *shadow* there,
His spirit poured itself in prayer!
"I come unto death's second birth,
Beneath a stranger-air,
A pilgrim on a dull, cold earth,
As all my fathers were!
And men have stamped me with a curse,—
I feel it is not *Thine*,
Thy mercy — like yon sun — was made
On me — as them — to shine;
And, therefore, dare I lift mine eye,
Through that, to Thee,— before I die!
In this great temple, built by Thee,
Whose altars *are* divine,
Beneath yon lamp, that, ceaselessly,

Lights up thine own true shrine,
Oh! take my latest sacrifice, —
Look down, and make this sod
Holy as that where, long ago,
The Hebrew met his God!
I have not caused the widow's tears,
Nor dimmed the orphan's eye;
I have not stained the virgin's years,
Nor mocked the mourner's cry:
The songs of Zion, in mine ear,
Have, ever, been most sweet,
And, always, when I felt Thee near,
My 'shoes' were 'off my feet'!
I have known Thee, in the whirlwind,
I have known Thee, on the hill,
I have loved Thee, in the voice of birds,
Or the music of the rill!
I dreamt Thee, in the shadow,
I saw Thee, in the light,
I heard Thee, in the thunder-peal,
And worshipped, in the night!
All beauty, while it spoke of Thee,

Still made my soul rejoice,
And my spirit bowed within itself,
To hear Thy 'still small voice!'—
I have not felt myself a thing
Far from Thy presence driven
By flaming sword or waving wing,
Shut out from Thee and heaven!
Must I the whirlwind reap, because
My father sowed the storm?
Or shrink—because another sinned—
Beneath Thy red right arm?
Oh! much of this we dimly scan,
And much is all unknown,—
But I will not take my curse from man,
I turn to Thee alone!
Oh! bid my fainting spirit live,
And what is dark reveal,
And what is evil, oh! forgive,
And what is broken, heal;
And cleanse my nature from above,
In the deep Jordan of thy love.
I know not if the Christian's heaven

Shall be the same as mine,
I only ask to be forgiven,
And taken home to Thine!
I wander on a far, dim strand,
Whose mansions are as tombs,
And long to find the father-land,
Where there are many homes!—
Oh! grant, of all yon starry thrones,
Some dim and distant star,
Where Judah's lost and scattered sons
May love Thee, from afar!
When all earth's myriad harps shall meet,
In choral praise and prayer,
Shall Zion's harp—of old so sweet,—
Alon~~g~~e be wanting, there?
Yet, place me in thy lower seat,
Though I—as now—be, there,
The Christian's scorn, the Christian's jest;
But let me see and hear,
From some dim mansion in the sky,
Thy bright ones, and their melody!"
The sun goes down, with sudden gleam;

And _ beautiful as a lovely dream
And silently as air, _
The vision of a dark-eyed girl
With long and raven hair,
Glides in _ as guardian spirits glide,
And lo! is kneeling by his side;
As if her sudden presence, there,
Were sent in answer to his prayer!
(O! say they not that angels tread
Around the good man's dying bed!)
His child! his sweet and sinless child! _
And as he gazed on her,
He knew his God was reconciled,
And this his messenger, _
As sure as God had hung, on high,
The promise bow before his eye! _
Earth's purest hope thus o'er him flun
To point his heavenward faith,
And Life's most holy feeling strung
To sing him unto death!
And on his daughter's stainless breast,
The dying Hebrew sought his rest!

Autumn Woods.

Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round.
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the inchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet south-west, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet
So greateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,

Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

O   Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noons,
And leave thee wild and sad!

Ah! 'twere a lot too blest
For ever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife [and power,
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

Bryant.

Leonore Ulrich in C

asset, too, and should be carefully studied out.

Don't wear high collars, girls. Besides almost ruining the neck for low cut gowns, there is nothing very fetching about a collar. The most becoming neckline for a young girl is a wide soft collar lying back on the waist and revealing the soft throat and the neck where the hair comes down low.

Wired-up collars while fashionable, are not as becoming as the low ones, and if the waist of a dress is cut low in the V shape in front there is nothing more girlish in the world. Fur as a trimming about the neck is becoming in a high collar. The collars of coats are made to fit snugly around the throat on some of the suits this year and are becoming that

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UPON

B. A. A. TO HAVE WINNING SEVEN

The Boston A. A. expects to have one of the fastest hockey teams in the country this Winter, and Manager George V. Brown is firm in his belief that the seven will win the championship of the newly formed amateur league.

The team will have in its enrollment four stars, all of whom captained hockey teams in their undergraduate days at Harvard.

"Traf" Hicks, who will lead the Unicorn forces, was at the helm in Harvard in 1911. He will play centre, and as an all round offence man has few equals in the country. Hicks' knowledge of the game is so comprehensive that two seasons ago he compiled a guide for the Spalding Company on how to play the pastime.

Freddy Huntington, another former Crimson chieftain, will be in the backfield again, and the Lexington boy has few equals when the going waxes warm. Harry Gardner, who captained the Crimson intercollegiate champions of 1913, is residing in Cambridge and is going to make a terrific battle to land the goal tender's job. Ollie Chadwick, who handled the situation last season after "Skeets" Canterbury retired, is also expected to make the going rough for the hangout in front of the net. "Dono" Minot will also seek a place on the defence.

WILL MISS FOSTER.

"Newt" Foster, point on last Winter's team, has seen the handwriting on the wall, "Go South, young man," and has chosen South America for a place of business for a few years. To meet his defection, Bob Clifford will be brought from the forward line to the rear. Clifford generally is at home wherever located.

Pete Sortwell, who resigned the Harvard captaincy last Fall, as he had finished his course, will try for rover. Sortwell is the fourth captain on the team and is also a member of the bridegroom quartet, his fellow benedicts being Messrs. Hicks, Gardner and Minot.

OSGOOD A STAR.

Steve Hopkins, another crack in Harvard's lineup last Winter, will be out for a wing position with the George Brown boys. "Monk" Osgood, the flashy speedster, will be in the forward line once more and Jack Foote, another youthful wizard, will keep him busily engaged to hold down his job. Hutchinson, a former Amherst player, and Ollie Chadwick, goal tender on the seven last Fall after "Skeets" Canterbury retired, are other candidates.

Aside from the games with the New Yorkers in the Amateur League, the Boston team will play the Arena A. C. of New Haven, Toronto University, Princeton, Harvard and probably McGill.